

# MARYKNOLL

July • August 1940



**THE FIELD AFAR**





# MARYKNOLL

**MARYKNOLL** is an American foundation for foreign missions, which embraces two societies. • Central headquarters for both societies are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California. • The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States as

a national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. • In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 pagan souls. • The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.; that of the Maryknoll Sisters is the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc.

## THE FIELD AFAR

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Our Cover: In the heat of the day Korean families, from the smallest child to Granny, labor in the barren fields to eke out an existence for the clan.

◀ The light of Christianity shines again amid the age-old customs of paganism, as each missionary, despite the ravages of war, spends himself in the task of illuminating the darkness with "the brightness of eternal life, Our Lord, Jesus Christ."

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Most Reverend Celso Costantini,  
Secretary of the Sacred Congregation,  
Propagation of the Faith

## WIDE HORIZONS

"Keep wide your horizons. The Church in her all-embracing mission for souls never gives preference to one nation, one people, more than to another. You missionaries of Maryknoll must continue to be, in your vision, wider than your own Society, wider than any section of the mission world to which you may be assigned. . . . And if you were to ask me what should be the necessary foundation of an apostle's character, I should answer that the missionary of today must be distinguished by fortitude and piety. He needs to be above the level of mediocrity; he must be a guide—one whose counsel can be trusted; and he must be devoted whole-heartedly in charity to the conversion of all peoples. That charity must be one which makes no distinction of persons; one which must manifest itself to the good and to the bad, and yet manifest itself without seeking to create a reputation of personal fame. . . . Your personal service must be that of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, who gives Himself to all while yet He remains hidden under the appearance of bread. . . . With Christ, you must expect tribulations, for did He not say: 'I have given you an example . . . so you do also'? The apostle is not greater than He who sends him. 'If you know these things, you shall be blessed if you do them.'"

From an address delivered by Archbishop Costantini, then Apostolic Delegate of China, to members of the Maryknoll communities on the occasion of his first visit to Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson



## TALK OF THE MISSIONS

### *Native Clergy*

In China, the Chinese secular clergy, found in twenty-three separate dioceses, number 590. In the whole of China are 1,957 native priests.

Native-born priests in India number 542 in seven native dioceses. There are 1,500 Indian priests in the whole of India.

Japan has native bishops over one archdiocese, one diocese, and two prefectures. Eighty-four of the 224 Japanese priests in the Empire are under these Japanese bishops.

Indo-China and Africa have four territories under native clergy. Of the 1,355 priests of Indo-China, 250 are native. Out of 358 priests in Africa, 40 are native.

### *No Curate*

The Fathers of the Society of Saint Columban, in the Vicariate of Hanyang, South China, have done remarkable work among the people of that district. The pastor of the Mo Wang Tsu parish baptized 1,963 adults and 99 children of Catholic parents during the last year. In the three years since the parish was founded—the pastor has no assistant—the Catholic population has increased from 1,601 to 5,871, an enviable record for one lone apostle.

### *Honored by Holy See*

A well-to-do but childless Japanese couple, Mr. and Mrs. Kurita, of Miyazaki, have devoted the greater part of their fortune to charitable purposes and are now spending the evening of their days in the Miyazaki Old Folks' Home, which they founded and to which they are leaving the remainder of their property.

Recently in the presence of the Japanese civil authorities and of the local Catholics, Mr. and Mrs. Kurita received from the hands of the Right Reverend Vincent Cimatti, of the Salesian Society, Prefect Apostolic of Miyazaki, the papal decoration *Pro Pontifice et Ecclesia*.

### *Congratulations*

Sacred Heart School at San Cheng-tze, Manchukuo, received high honors and recognition by the Government of that country when a group of school authorities journeyed from the capital to present a merit plaque to the school. Father Albert J. Murphy, of Springfield, Massachusetts, the Maryknoll rector of that mission, humbly denies that his children are any better students than those of other schools. Evidently the authorities thought otherwise. Congratulations, San Cheng-tze!

### *Patriarch*

With the death of Mr. Ma Siang-po, the Church in China lost one of her most prominent members.

While others remark the public activities of a long life of 102 years, Catholics in China will remember particularly the founder of their first Catholic University, the leader in Catholic Action, the writer, and the daily communicant who spent long hours in prayer.

Mr. Ma's literary genius, his broad culture, and his personal charm had drawn many young intellectuals to him towards the end of the last century; and it was at their request that he suggested, in 1898, the foundation of Aurora University. The venerable patriarch was also the founder of Fu Tan University and its director for a number of years. Later he retired to Zikawei, where he remained in

studious and prayerful solitude until influential friends prepared a fine home for him in Nanking.

As late as the spring of 1937, when Ma Siang-po was already ninety-eight years old, a press report mentioned that he kept several secretaries busy and that he had just completed a Chinese translation of the Four Gospels, which is considered by critics to be a literary masterpiece. Unfortunately the war has delayed its publication. The 1937 note mentions another incident which was characteristic of this venerable and beloved sage: he allowed his secretaries to rest during Easter week while he himself made his annual retreat.

### *Attractive*

A group of Chinese were asked why they regarded the Catholic Church with favor. They answered with this list of ten features which appealed to them most:

1. The hard life and sacrifice of missionary priests and Sisters.
2. High standards of Catholic ethics and morals.
3. The unity of the Catholic Church.
4. Works of charity of the Catholic Church.
5. Efforts of the Catholic Church to educate the young.
6. The unity and certainty of doctrines and ideas in the Church.
7. The liturgy of the Catholic Church.
8. Respect for the dead in the Catholic Church.
9. The strict discipline of the Catholic Church.
10. The hierarchal government of the Catholic Church, in which capability and virtue are the only reasons for advancement.





Rome noted immediately the good that would redound to the Church in America from a new mission enterprise

## THE HOLY SEE, THE MISSIONS AND AMERICA

By Most Rev. John T. McNicholas

**H**IS Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, in 1889 sent his representative, Monsignor Satolli, to the United States to rejoice with the Church in America on the occasion of its centennial observance of the establishment of the American Hierarchy. The memorable Encyclical Letter, "Longinqua Oceani," was addressed to the Episcopacy of our country in 1895. Those of us who were ecclesiastical students at that time recall the importance attached to the historic document of Pope Leo XIII by the seminary authorities.

Another fifty years have elapsed and another Pontiff, Pope Pius XII, sends another Encyclical Letter, "Sertum Laetitiae," to the Bishops of the United States.

His Holiness, who had visited our country, knew intimately the strength of our ecclesiastical institutions and had a sympathetic understanding of all the works and endeavors of American Catholics.

I find myself today filled with stirring memories of the achievements of the Church in America during this past half century, this period between the letters of Leo XIII and Pope Pius XII gloriously reigning.

In many ways the Church here has strengthened itself during this period. I believe, however, that in no way is the development more striking than in the growth of our

missions. Let us hope that we are truly Catholic-minded regarding the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth and that we are developing a greater recognition of our Catholic responsibilities toward all men.

Fifty years ago we were struggling to care for ourselves, to build churches, schools, rectories, to put a roof over the head of Catholicity in this country. We could well be pardoned if momentarily we thought almost exclusively of ourselves. We were interested in our non-Catholic brethren, but with a reserve and a spirit of aloofness. We were aware of their distrust of us and of their hostility to the Catholic Church. We did not think of approaching our separated brethren resourcefully and courageously in order to have them investigate the teachings of Christ which we know are presented in their entirety only by the Catholic Church.

We gave a passing moment to the Indians, a still more fragmentary morsel of attention to our American Negro, and, even though mankind in Asia and Africa came occasionally within the orbit of our reflections, we dismissed consideration of any obligation to share the Church's task in their regard as something quite beyond any reasonable interpretation of our duties.

Today a change has taken place. Pope Pius XII in his encyclical to us has been able proudly to refer to the Catholics of our country who "eager for arduous enterprise, are supplying to the ranks of the missionaries numerous recruits whose capacity for toil, whose indomitable

patience, and whose energy in noble initiative for the Kingdom of Christ, have gained merits which earth admires and which heaven will crown with due reward." His Holiness could rejoice at our home mission efforts, particularly our growing interest in the Negro, and our creditable foreign mission activities. Protestants we no longer face in combat as menacing our peace and liberty; the Pope felt prompted to "invite them, too, whom Mother Church laments as separated brethren," to unite with us in thought and policy for the solving of the social question.

More satisfactorily than ever, the basic doctrine of universal justice and charity is an every-day working principle of the Catholics of America. Nothing could be of more vital importance in this war-mad world. God's teaching, the mind of the Church, the voice of the Popes, point to the great truth that all men are one, are governed by one law, the law of charity.

Pope Pius XII in his first encyclical, *Summi Pontificatus*, reminds us that the first lesson of the Scripture is that God "hath made of one, all mankind, to dwell upon the whole face of the earth" (Acts 17: 26). The human race has one common origin in "one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all and in us all." (Ephes. 4:6). St. Paul, His Holiness reminds us, portrays the unity of our ransom through the Son of God, "For there is one God, and one Mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus" (I Tim. 2:5). St. John records God's great commandment: "This is my commandment that you love one another, as I have loved you" (Jn. 15:12).

"In the light of this unity of mankind," says His Holiness, "a union which exists in law and in fact, individuals do not feel themselves isolated units, like grains of sand, but are drawn together by the very force of their nature and by their eternal destiny, into an organic, harmonious whole."

How practical do we make this doctrine of unity? Do we merely theorize on it and leave it a dead letter? This is not the wish of the Church, as Pius XII states plainly:

"The Catholic Church has repeatedly shown, in her missionary enterprises, that such a principle of action is the guiding star of her universal apostolate. . . .

"Such is the marvelous doctrine of love and peace which has been an ennobling factor in the civil and religious progress of mankind. And the heralds who proclaimed it, moved by supernatural charity, not only tilled the land and cared for the sick, but, above all, they reclaimed, molded and elevated life to divine heights, directing it toward the summit of sanctity in which everything is seen in the light of God.

"They raised mansions and temples which show to what lofty and kindly heights the Christian ideal urges man; but, above all, they have made of men, wise or ignorant, strong or weak, living temples of God and branches of the very vine which is Christ."

This is the Church's concept and the Church's working program. Happily, today we may say that it has become a part of the normal working program of those of us in the Church who live in America, for we have broadened our views to the full, traditional mind of the Church by making ourselves mission-minded. At the present time we have some thirty-five hundred priests, Brothers, and Sisters<sup>(1)</sup> engaged in the direct missionary apostolate either at home or abroad.

I believe that for this development of our views we owe tribute to two members of the American clergy, both of whom have now passed on, James Anthony Walsh of Boston and Thomas Frederick Price of North Carolina, the co-founders of Maryknoll.

I knew Father Walsh, later raised by Rome to the episcopacy, during the early years of this century when he was Director of the Society for

the Propagation of the Faith in Boston. I was always impressed by the fact that he was guided not merely by a sentimental devotion to missionary work in foreign lands, but that he was profoundly convinced that here was a task which belonged to American Catholics, whether we felt drawn to it or not, as an element in the essential content of God's commission to His Church. Hence he constantly reflected on the healthful and helpful effects of such activity on the spirit of the Church in America.

Looking back, it is interesting to record that Cardinal Gibbons, in presenting the idea of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America to the American Hierarchy in 1911, emphasized this point of view.

"Conscious that we are still short of priests in many dioceses," wrote His Eminence, "I would cite the words of Cardinal Manning referring to the foundation of Mill Hill (England):

"It is quite true that we have need of men and means at home; and it is *because* we have need of men, of more men and more means, by a great deal than we as yet possess, that I am convinced we ought to send both men and means abroad. . . . If we desire to find the surest way to multiply immensely our own material means for works at home, it is by not limiting the expansion of charity and by not paralyzing the zeal for self-denial."

"Priests of the United States (*Continued on page 11*)



Most Reverend John T. McNicholas,  
O.P. S.T.M., Archbishop of Cincinnati,  
the author of this article

(1)—This figure is from the recent survey of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

## IN THIS SIGN . . .

By Rev. Leo J. Peloquin

**T**HE early spring rains had set in, and the roads were soft and muddy. I did not relish a sick call out into the country on such a day, but I got into my rubbers and raincoat and started for the home of Kim Youmey. Her mother had sent word that the child had a great fever and would eat nothing. Youmey was not a willful child. She had been at our school since she was five, and I always liked her simple obedience and respect for all. Before I reached the home of the Kims, I heard an explanation that made me pause in my path.

One of my Christians told me that Youmey's father had become quite angry because our little Youmey had hung in the family living room a crucifix which she had won for excellence in catechism. Papa Kim snatched the cross from the wall and was about to destroy it when Youmey's mother rescued the little girl's prize and hid it safely away.

"If you ever hang it on the wall again, I will break it to pieces!" raged Mr. Kim.

Youmey didn't cry; she just looked on in wide-eyed wonder. That night she tossed fretfully on her floor bed, and in the morning she had a fever. For several days the fever increased, and Youmey would not eat the soups and food that were brought to her. The doctor had been called—a man who was interested in the Church—and, when he heard the story from Youmey's mother, he advised Mr. Kim to permit the return of the crucifix, but to no avail.

I went back to the mission and prepared a little broth, which I put in a fruit jar. Thus armed, I set out again for the house of Kim.

"You cannot come in here!" Mr. Kim called from the door.

"I have some medicine for your little girl," I told him.

Slowly the door swung open, and I approached the little sick girl.

"She hasn't spoken or eaten for six days," said her mother.

I called softly to the child while the mother heated the broth I had brought, but my little Youmey did not recognize me or respond. The father watched darkly from a corner, as I quietly took out my rosary and started



Youmey just looked on in wonder.

to pray. The crucifix of my beads fell on the little girl's hand. In a moment, as if she had awakened from a deep sleep, Youmey looked at me, smiled, and then, before anyone saw the motion of her hand, palmed the crucifix of my rosary and slowly raised it to her lips.

At that moment the mother returned with the hot broth, so I dropped the rosary inside the coverlets and turned to my task of feeding the little girl. "Here is some very good medicine for you," I said, and the child began to take the broth at once.

Some time later, while I was still there, the doctor came. Noting the change in Youmey, he took Papa Kim aside to give him a talk. "You are a very foolish man to oppose God. The Spiritual Fathers are good men; they serve only God. This one has saved your daughter's life. You should honor him now by letting Youmey have her cross."

Unwillingly, gruffly, the man ordered Youmey's mother to get the cross and hang it near the bed. I saw it there when I went back the next day. Youmey was brighter.

"The cross is in a dark corner, Father," she said. "I can hardly see it."

(Continued on page 7)



## ORIENTAL ODDITIES

**T**HE deep need of human hearts for heavenly protection is nowhere more strikingly evident than in the pagan practices of the Chinese to safeguard their children from natural and preternatural causes of sickness and death. Lacking the Faith, the peasant is prey to innumerable superstitions in his struggle for the preservation of his young.

On the third day after birth, the infant's horoscope is cast. The circumstances of the day, hour, season, and year are taken into consideration by the family astrologer—often an old granny. Should the baby be so unfortunate as to fall within the scope of the seven early diseases, the seven-star lamp, in the form of seven candles, is burned near his crib for seven days, to insure escape from an early death.

It is not uncommon to use peach-wood arrows to repel the attacks of malign spirits. These may be either shot into the air or merely deposited close to the child's bed.

Tradition says that there is a much-to-be-feared demon who causes the death of babies. Sometimes he appears as a yellow dog; he may later appear in the form of a cat. Woe to the strange yellow dog or prying cat that peeps into an infant's chamber!

When missionaries first penetrate new frontiers where the populace know little of foreign ways, one of the most common accusations and prejudices they have to overcome is that which asserts that buildings erected by foreigners owe their stability to the mystic power of Chinese infants whom foreigners have buried alive in the foundations. Popular belief in this was one of the great difficulties faced by Western engineers when they first erected bridges in China for the railways. The belief terrorized many folk, and riots ensued. This concept probably comes from the ancient superstition that evil spirits employ children as foundation stones. Foreigners are devils, their structures are more solid than any native work; therefore, they simply *must* use live children in the substructure!

In order to prevent demons from using children for such nefarious purposes, peach-wood amulets are hung about their necks.

During the first month following birth, neither child nor mother may cross the threshold; that is, leave the house. When the month has elapsed, the baby's head is shaved, a little tuft being left in front. It would be a great misfortune for a child not yet a month old to enter the home of a neighbor: such a child evidently is considered either too newly come from the regions beyond, or too subject to attacks by evil spirits, to be a welcome guest. Usually, the mother herself first visits the parents or parental home before conferring the boon of her presence on others.

An outspoken youngster in a certain mission school boasted of the name "Yellow Dog." That was not a nickname or an insulting appellation; it was his milk or

baby name. When he was born his parents were still pagans. To deceive the devil, they gave the baby a dog's name—for His Satanic Majesty does not bother dogs!

Recently a missionary was searching out the baptismal record of a Catholic boy who was about to be married. But the family record listed no boy child! The priest summoned the boy's father. "There are three girls and no boy registered under your family name," pointed out the priest.

"Impossible!" countered the father. "We have only two girls and one boy."

After an hour's investigation it was discovered, to the amused surprise of all, that the former pastor had used the milk name of the one and only son! To fool the devil, his parents, before their conversion, had called the youngster "Little Sister"—because the devil does not consider the female of the species worth harming!

On first arriving in a rural sector, the new missionary may consider the use of tiny bells on the feet of children a quaint but delightful custom, but it is a superstition. The bells are to scare off the harmful spirits!

The color red is the color of joy. It is used at marriages and anniversaries. Many an ailing child has been daubed on the nose, forehead, or cheeks with red paint. The red, it is believed, must surely displace the sickness and turn sadness to happiness.

Sometimes non-Christians, when visiting Catholics for the first time, lament the rashness of parents who do not safeguard their children with superstitious charms. Even when the Christian doctrine is explained, the guest is not always convinced. He very probably performs some pagan rite to protect himself from the evil consequences of contact with such "apostates from good old paganism!"

### IN THIS SIGN . . .

(Continued from page 6) "No place is too dark for Jesus," I told her. "If we pray very hard and love Him very much, He will bring light to your father's heart, for he does not understand."

"Oh, I will pray very hard," Youmey assured me.

And no doubt she did. For today I baptized her father, and, after the ceremony I went out to the home where once I had been refused admittance, and I hung Youmey's cross in the place of honor in the house of the Kims.

### THE HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION

July: For works for the increase of vocations

August: For works of the press



The bell which once called pagans now calls new apostolic laborers.

## O'ER SEAS AND MOUNTAINS

### *Kyoto, Japan*

Rev. Edward A. Koebel, of Water Mill, Long Island.

### *Heijo, Korea*

Rev. Stephen V. Hannon, of Bronx, New York City; Rev. J. Paul Bordenet, of Linton, Indiana; Rev. Mark L. Kent, of Hollywood, California.

### *Fushun, Manchukuo*

Rev. Norman P. Batt, of Buffalo, New York; Rev. John F. Lenahan, of Mahanoy Plane, Pennsylvania.

### *Manila, Philippine Islands*

Rev. Timothy J. Daly, of Palmer, New York; Rev. Robert E. Sheridan, of Chicago, Illinois; Rev. William T. Cummings, of San Francisco, California; Rev. William R. McCarthy, of Waterbury, Connecticut.

**T**HE twenty-second annual Departure Ceremony of Maryknoll missionaries will be well under way by the time this copy of *THE FIELD AFAR* reaches you, dear reader, but we ask a prayer for this valiant group of young men as they set out across the continent for the Pacific shore, towards their newly adopted homes. The group, this year, counts twenty-one apostles destined for various posts:

### *Kongmoon, South China*

Rev. Lawrence A. Conley, of Dorchester, Massachusetts.

### *Kaying, South China*

Rev. Howard D. Trube, of New York City; Rev. Francis A. Pouliot, of Townshend, Vermont; Rev. James E. McLaughlin, of Chester, Pennsylvania.

### *Wuchow, South China*

Rev. Cyril V. Hirst, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Rev. Stephen B. Edmonds, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; Rev. Joseph A. McDonald, of Boston, Massachusetts; Rev. Peter A. Reilly, of Roxbury, Massachusetts.

### *Kweilin, South China*

Rev. Francis G. Murphy, of New York City; Rev. Joseph G. Cosgrove, of West Newton, Massachusetts; Rev. Louis H. Hater, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Departure Ceremony for one of the priests, Father Kent of Hollywood, took place on the afternoon of his ordination, June 16. He will join the other twenty missionaries on the Pacific Coast. The official ceremony, held on the last Sunday of July, will be presided over by Maryknoll's Superior General, Bishop James E. Walsh, and the sermon on that occasion will be preached by Very Rev. John J. Boardman, Brooklyn Diocesan Director for the Propagation of the Faith Society.

A contemporary editor, who attended last year's departure ceremony, has written of that event: "It was a moving experience — indeed, a high adventure — to say

Fathers Conley, Kent, McCarthy, and Lenahan study time tables.



goodby to those young priests who were leaving all for Christ. They are going to the ends of the earth, to a life of danger, of toil and hardship, a life of loneliness often; but the love of God warms their hearts, and they are going with a high spirit of loyalty and sacrifice in the service of a King for whom they would be happy to lay down their lives. May they always keep that spirit of adventure, that thrill of the spirit, which is so contagious, and may they light the fire in many hearts! Modern crusaders, their weapons prayer, they go with courage to whatever awaits them. When we recite Compline in all our groups, it is always with a thrill that we respond to the call, 'May the Divine Assistance remain always with us,' with the reply, 'And with our absent brethren!'"

The twenty-ninth anniversary of our Foundation Day found Maryknollers gathered for the celebration of a Solemn Mass of thanksgiving for the graces and blessings accorded our young Society since its inception in 1911.



Above: Fathers McLaughlin, Pouliot, and Trube are the first to set out. Left: Fathers Reilly, Edmonds, Hirst, and McDonald locate their new territory.

## OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS

**T**HE imperative need of a proper foundation for world harmony is an incentive to us to interest ourselves in all men. Many public leaders who, though high-minded, have none of the concern of the ardent Catholic for the more distinctly religious aspects of the question, recognize that isolationism in things of the mind and heart is no longer possible. For their relations with each other, men must possess common standards of a religious nature.

The late Newton D. Baker, for instance, is among those who have expressed themselves on this point.

"Only a few years ago," he wrote, "we were able to think of Far Eastern questions as things apart. They were local at least in the sense that they were local to the great East. Now we have discovered that the modern world is so integrated that the question is no longer placed in the East or in the West; but disturbance of peace in either area is likely to mean its disturbance in both areas. . . .

"No nation can now live to itself. The philosophy of isolation is not safe. There must be concerted action to assure the right and brave answer to these questions upon which the maintenance of peace depends."

The philosophy of religious isolation, besides being wrong, is likewise unsafe. Today more than ever before there is an imperative need that Christ live in the European, the American, the Asiatic, in such way that concerted action for enduring peace may come about. Amid hates and the roar of cannon, this tenet will seem to many an ineffective measure for peace. In those outside the Church such a mistake may be excused; in ourselves, never.

**VOID IN ASIA** Two missionaries, worn by a prodigious journey, dragged themselves into the Dutch consulate in Calcutta recently and told the story of a temporary end to mission work in Central Asia. Now a vast area, counting fifty million inhabitants, has no priest free to minister to it—possibly has no living priest.

Moscow has increased its power in Turkestan. As a result, the little band of German and Dutch missionaries of the Divine Word Society, brave vedettes of what we still religiously hope will be a brighter tomorrow, have been driven from the posts which they held precariously in this one country in Central Asia where missionaries could live. Recently, with the coming of the Russians, hostility, always latent, became pronounced. Several missionaries were kept prisoners in their residence because they refused to sell their property which abutted an air field; later they were placed under arrest. Two others were arrested for possessing a radio. The entire group were forbidden to write letters, to receive mail, and even to meet together. Eventually all, except the two who reached Calcutta, had been taken into custody; and their whereabouts was com-

### Our note pages on men and things missionary

pletely unknown. There is grave reason to fear that those who held them succumbed to the temptation to do away with them.

A generation ago, when in the world as a whole there was a general belief that understanding among peoples had come to stay, missionaries gazed at the great mountain ranges which guarded the recesses of Central Asia and said among themselves, "Now a little while and these last barriers will fall." But, rather, the barriers have become higher. However, we are not to be excused from our Christian duty of ceaseless striving because, in these last thirty years, peace, liberty, and Christian ideals have received grave setbacks.

It is with particular sadness that we receive word at this juncture of the passing of Monsignor Douenel of Sikkim. Sikkim is a tiny country which lies between India and Tibet and through which the caravans pass from one to the other of these two lands. For the forty-eight years since 1892, Monsignor Douenel had labored as a missionary there at the foothills of the Himalayas, seeking to breach the Central Asian wall which stands against the Cross. "Thy will be done, O Lord," we can imagine the old man whispering with resignation as, after half a century of vain expectancy, he closed his eyes.

**SETTING FOR A "NUNC DIMITTIS"** Were any missionary in the world to choose the circumstances under which to conclude with greatest joy to himself his missionary career, he would probably ask for the opportunity granted by Providence to Archbishop Streicher of Uganda.

As a young missionary, this prelate pioneered among a people who rewarded him with great consolations. As the years passed, he assisted in training and then officiated at the ordination of a very promising body of native African priests. As he approached the sunset of life, he passed over to another White Father the task of governing the Church in the Vicariate of Uganda, and went into a section of the country almost entirely in the hands of the native clergy, to serve there not as a superior but as a fellow priest.

Then, by a particularly happy turn of events, the Holy See determined to choose one from among Uganda's native clergy and make him bishop over a portion of this new land in the Faith. A levite whom Archbishop Streicher had known as a boy was chosen and taken to Rome for consecration by the Holy Father, who required that Archbishop Streicher assist him in the ceremony.

With what depth of feeling must the aged archbishop have gone through this experience! With exquisite delicacy, the old prelate, who accompanied Bishop Kiwanuka from Rome, left him at the border and slipped away to hide in a distant mission station while the black bishop was given a home-coming. Besides the British authori-



ties, the Uganda king and the entire native populace turned out to welcome back this one from among them who had thus been raised to high station. Archbishop Streicher watched exultingly from afar. But in a few months, he says, he will quietly move to the native seminary, which is near Bishop Kiwanuka's residence, in order that he may spend his last days observing and counseling this son of Africa, whom he trained in his youth, and who now serves as spiritual ruler of the first territory in modern times confided to an African bishop.

#### THE HOLY SEE, THE MISSIONS AND AMERICA

(Continued from page 5) number 17,000 but I am informed that there are hardly sixteen on the foreign missions. Cardinal Vaughan warned us American Catholics, some years ago, not to delay participation in foreign missions, *lest our own faith should suffer.*"

The American Hierarchy sent Fathers Walsh and Price to Rome with the understanding that the foreign mission society which they envisioned was to embody participation by the Church in America in supplying missionaries for the world apostolate. Again it is interesting to observe that the authorities in Rome noted immediately the good that would redound to the American Church itself from such an undertaking.

Monsignor Laurenti, later Cardinal Laurenti of revered memory, as Secretary of Propaganda was the first in Rome upon whom Fathers Walsh and Price called. He at once expressed approval of the idea and directed the presentation of the project both to the Prefect, Cardinal Gotti, and to Pope Pius X. Hintingly at the time and

more openly later, Cardinal Laurenti stated that his one concern was the spirit of the faith in America. Was it, he asked himself, sufficiently vigorous to produce numerous young men with the necessary vision and self-sacrifice for the world apostolate? We may smile now at such a question, but it was a fact at the time that up to that moment we had revealed little zeal of this particular calibre; His Eminence can quite properly be forgiven for hesitating about our qualifications for the Mission Field afar.

When Fathers Walsh and Price were received by Pope Pius X on June 29, 1911, for the approval of the foundation, the first remark of His Holiness to them was that work for pagans abroad would react favorably on the work of the Church in America.

My experience with many prelates of the Church during many years has been that the mind of Rome is a campaigning mind. Returning again to Pius XII's epistle to America, we find running through it everywhere references to the "growth of the Church," the "advance of the Church," the "initiative of the clergy," the "cultivation of the vineyard." In his exhortation to the clergy to be men of letters, for instance, His Holiness gives as a motive, "that they may be able to impart with clarity and eloquence the teaching of grace and salvation which is capable of bending even learned intellects to the gentle burden and yoke of the Gospel of Christ."

I find happiness in the thought that this campaigning spirit is growing apace among us in America, and that in properly orthodox fashion we are expending our zeal on all who should receive God's message, from our next door neighbor to the dwellers on the farthest island of the sea.

For the feast of Corpus Christi, the Japanese work out intricate floral decorations in the grass.



## HIRE A HALL

**I**N China it is not hard to get an audience—under a tree, in the market place, on a boat, or anywhere you choose to do your holding forth. A crowd will always gather to see what you are doing and to hear what you are saying. But if a man wants, as the missionary does, his speech to have a more lasting and serious effect than the fabulous promises of the medicine peddler, the antics of the traveling tooth puller, the laugh-provoking nonsense of the irresponsible, he will have to dignify it by delivering it in a proper place. It is not enough to make his speech and go his way. He needs a permanent address where he can be found between times, where he can get friendly, where he can invite leisurely questions.

So, when a missionary picks a market town for his next field in which to sow the seed intensively, he begins by hiring a hall. A "hall" is any place with at least three walls and a roof. That place thus becomes the Catholic mission. Benches and stools are set along the walls, with a table for doctrine books, teapot, and pipes. Most Chinese carry their own tobacco, but not their own pipes. Pictures, not necessarily artistic, illustrating articles of doctrine, are hung on the walls, along with extracts from the catechism written in large characters, really artistic,

to catch the admiring eye.

A catechist who is a good talker and knows all the answers is installed. At set times sermons are preached by the missionary or the catechist, but the real work is done by conversation. It is in conversation that one learns what arguments influence the individual, what his religious opinions are, what his doubts are, what false impressions of the Catholic religion he may have.

The hall is just a simple open forum, free for all. Not all the visitors engage in the conversation. Some will sit for hours without venturing an opinion or asking a question, but listening intently. The conversation is not always on the high plane of religion, but is allowed to drift on to whatever will promote friendship and good will toward the missionary and the mission; it eventually gets back to religion again.

The place soon becomes widely known in the neighborhood, and on market days it is crowded. Farmers use it as a rest room and a place to stow their hats, baggage poles, and what-nots. They hang their hunks of pork or strings of salt fish on the wall, knowing that nobody will walk away with them while they are out in the market haggling over something else.

Everybody is welcome, but the women do not venture in where the men are holding forth. However, a medical dispensary and a baby clinic, in a corner of the room, draw them in, voluble, importunate, and grateful.

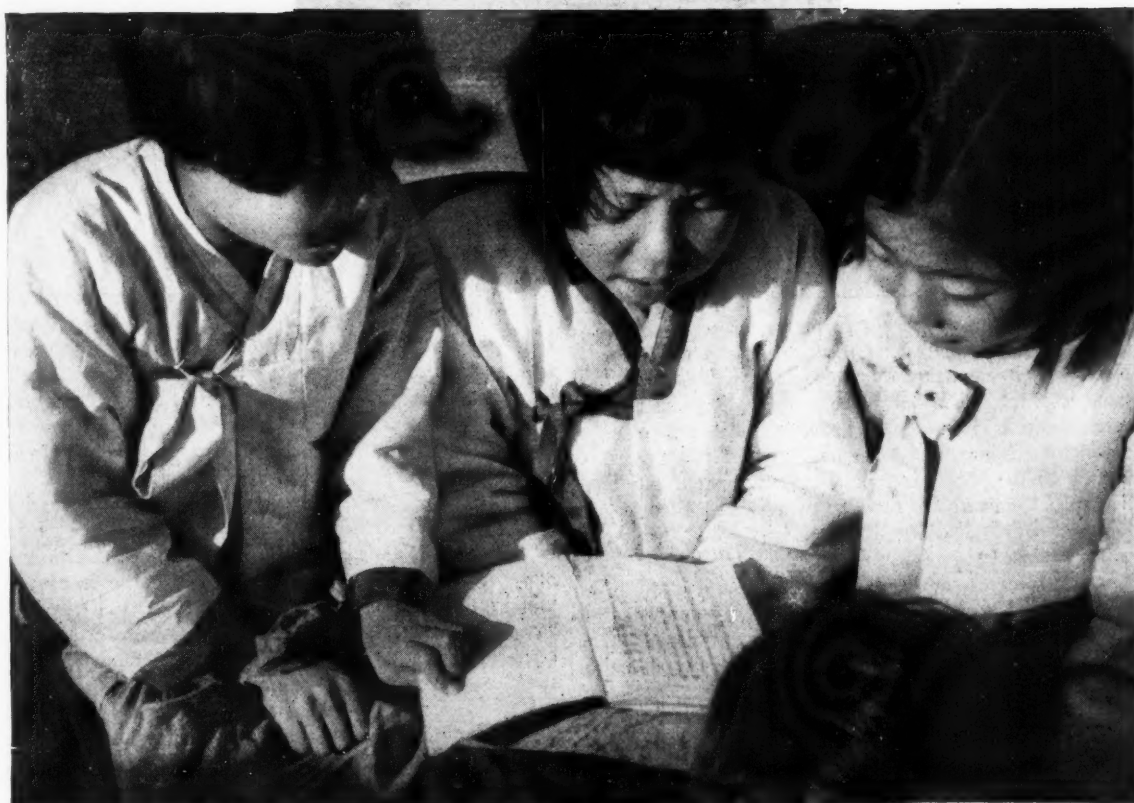
Since these places are so useful, why do we not have many of them? We would have many more, had we the extra few dollars a month for the rent of the so-called hall, for the catechist's rice, and for the medical supplies. We should like to feel that *you*, too, believe it is worthwhile here to "hire a hall."

—Most Rev. Adolph J. Paschang



The hall is a simple open forum—free for all. Pictures illustrating articles of doctrine and extracts from the catechism, written in large characters, are hung on the walls; a table holds books, teacups, pipes.





## THE KING'S HIGHWAY

By Rev. Arthur F. Allie

**A** MISSIONER has many thrilling experiences in the land he learns to call home, but to my mind the greatest thrill comes on the day when the Number One priest tells the young missioner that at last he seems to be ready to undertake a mission journey. My thrill came but recently. I was given a list of the mission stations to be visited and a program of the time to be spent at each station. With a catechist experienced in such journeyings, I set out on a clear bright morning, happy but a little doubtful still of my ability.

Towards evening we arrived at the first outpost. The Christians, warned in advance of our coming, were out en masse to greet us with the Korean Catholic welcome, "Praised be Jesus Christ." The little chapel was all too small for the great number of people, but somehow we managed to get in, say some prayers, and listen to an exhortation by the visiting catechist. Then I sat calmly—at least to all outward appearances—through his examination of those who had been preparing for Baptism. It was

just as well that the anxious catechumens did not know I shared their nervousness during this grilling.

Then followed the inevitable banquet (Save the mark!): cabbage soup, bean curd, red-pep-

per sauce, cold fried eggs, boiled chestnuts, and apples. The poor people do not have such a sumptuous repast at all times, but this was a special occasion. Confessions, examination of late-comers, and night prayers topped off the evening. And so to bed, for we should have to be up early in the morning for Mass, sick calls, and a start on the second leg of the journey.

The first visitation was an experience such as the earliest missioners—even the Apostles—might have known. Here in this little out-of-the-way community, I had offered the same Holy Sacrifice, distributed the same Holy Eucharist, administered the same Baptism as the Apostles. One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, as in Saint Paul's time. One could ask no greater blessing than "to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of God."



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# MARYKNOLL

## THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

*Founded 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.*

●

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

### SOLVING THE PROBLEM

Trouble surprises every generation; but the world has always been full of it, and therefore it is nothing new. Neither is it any cause for undue pessimism. For the same world has been provided with a divine means to extricate itself from the continual trouble it insists on getting itself into, and this should prevent it from reverting to the jungle completely, even though its sorely tried people must come through many tribulations to the Kingdom of God. The divine provision that arms the world against its sea of troubles is the Christian religion; and in a special manner it is the visible head of that religion, with his divinely appointed mission to minister to the needs of all mankind. At present those needs are obviously many and grave, but there is no lack of a plan to meet them. A man seated upon a hill from which he surveys the world, and aided by a divine light with which he understands the world, has prescribed the means needed to rehabilitate the world. We have only to follow the Holy Father. Our little planet has become a floundering morass of conflict and confusion through the weakness and blindness of men, but it could become an ordered regime of tranquillity and light through the wisdom and mercy of God and the practical guidance of His Vicar.

Missioners believe this theory, and their plan for world betterment is to apply the program of the Holy Father to every corner of it, near and far. What a vision of hope would dawn upon the world with their ultimate success!

### UNDERSTUDY FOR THE BLESSED MOTHER

To describe anybody as a "merciful mother" could only make Catholic hearts think of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the repeated use of the term by the pagan friends of a mission in Manchukuo was consequently a source of much puzzlement. How account for this apparent affection towards the Blessed Mother on the part of people who had never heard of her? Had she some way of revealing herself prematurely to these pagan hearts before they had even heard the doctrine that established her identity? She had, as investigation revealed, but a way scarcely anticipated.

There was in the mission a medical dispensary and social-service center operated by a Maryknoll Sister. Long lines of pagan Chinese in all conditions of sickness and trouble came every day to present themselves and their needs to her ministrations. They came in dejection and departed with smiles. They received help they had never known before: medicine for their diseases, food and clothing for their babies, counsel and consolation in their troubles; all of it dispensed with a warm and gracious charity on the part of the Sister in charge. Gradually the whole district of pagan people had come to know this Sister, and for a time she remained the only feature of the Church they did know. Such a revelation of charity had to elicit some response; and, as yet unaware of the explanation, the people responded as they knew. It was the Sister to whom they referred as the "merciful mother," a title invented by their simple gratitude to describe her. The mystery arose through mistaking the effect for the cause.

Perhaps there was something apropos in the surprising title, after all, because these pagan souls were getting their first glimpse of a divine religion through the charity of its human agent, and they actually saw a Sister who was simply an understudy for the Blessed Mother, a living counterpart of the role occupied by her for whom we reserve the title "Mother of Mercy." It is a short step from such a moving human impression to the divine reason that explains it, and we may be sure that those who have been helped by such a merciful mother on earth will soon penetrate to the real Mother of Mercy in heaven.

### TYPICAL MISSIONER

A man crossed an ocean on a ship and rode a horse over a mountain to get to a Chinese city, and when he arrived in the place he found both himself and the Church he represented totally unknown. He promptly set about the task of altering that condition. He took an interest in everything and everybody around him, acquainted himself with the history and activities of the city, learned to know and love the people, improvised ways to help them, won a place in their affections, became a part of their life. The entire community found in him a sympathetic friend and a helpful adviser. When a plan was

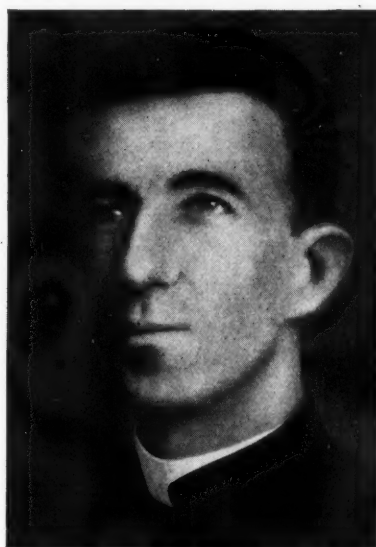


needed to protect the town from a bandit attack, he made it. When help was needed for the city's war refugees, he supplied it. When the educational gentry sought an improvement in their local organization, he suggested it. When the authorities wanted to build a bridge, he designed it. When the business fraternity devised means to facilitate the marketing of the farm products in the district, he had a hand in it. When anybody had any trouble, he listened to it, sometimes relieved it, always sympathized with it. In his new environment he became all things to all men.

That was fifteen years ago. At the present day he is no longer unknown in the place, and the Church that sent him there is everywhere favorably regarded. Two thousand people of the district have become members of the Church, and they now assist him in bringing to that region the inspiration and helpfulness of Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice. His fifteen years were well spent. In transporting the Catholic Church to a place where it was never known before, he brought to a whole population new life and new hope. It took a lot of trouble. But we think it was worth it. Some would call him a pioneer. We merely call him a typical Catholic missionary, one of a great company engaged in reaching every corner of the earth with an all-embracing program of service to men.

#### PREFECTS AND VICARS APOSTOLIC

The consecration of three Maryknoll bishops within a year, and the raising of their prefectures apostolic to the rank and dignity of vicariates, have occasioned inquiries from some of our readers regarding the distinction be-



REVEREND MAURICE P. GLEASON, M.M.

Early in the morning on the feast of the Sacred Heart, the angel of death visited the Maryknoll community in Los Angeles and called to eternity the soul of a pioneer missionary, the Reverend Maurice Patrick Gleason.

Ordained in 1923, Father Gleason was assigned the same year to mission work in the Kongmoon Vicariate, South China. In 1937, after thirteen years of apostolic work, his health broke; and it was deemed wiser to have him come to the United States for treatment.

Doctors in Los Angeles pronounced his illness incurable, but Father Gleason, in spite of the condition of his health, continued to seek out Chinese patients in hospitals for the poor, and until a few weeks ago he persevered in the vocation which he loved so much. As calmly as he had lived and labored for souls, he laid himself down to die and asked for the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Maryknollers who were associated with Father Gleason during his life have no doubt that his soul, once with God, will continue obtaining for the souls of men the grace to follow in his steps to a blessed eternity.

May the martyrs meet him at his coming; may perpetual light shine upon him!

tween a vicariate, a prefecture apostolic, and a diocese.

*Prefecture* and *vicariate* are ecclesiastical terms which are applied to divisions of territory in mission countries corresponding in many respects to our dioceses. Vicars and prefects are the heads of the Church in those countries where Catholic life is in a rudimentary stage of development; where Christians are not numerous; and where churches, chapels, and schools are few. A prefecture is presided over by a superior who is called a prefect apostolic, and who bears the title, "Right Reverend Monsignor." Though invariably a prefect is not consecrated a bishop, he has over his prefecture jurisdiction and power similar to that of a bishop in a diocese at home.

With an increased number of converts and a fuller development of Catholic life, the Holy See may erect the prefecture into a vicariate. The vicariate apostolic is governed by a vicar apostolic, who is consecrated a bishop. The vicar apostolic is called a titular bishop, because he receives a title from some ancient diocese, which now exists only in name.

Prefectures and vicariates are directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. When, in the judgment of the Holy See, a country or region has emerged from the purely missionary status and is ready to take its place in the Catholic world along with those countries in which the ecclesiastical hierarchy is well established, it is withdrawn from the jurisdiction of this Sacred

Congregation and henceforth is responsible to the Holy See. It may be a surprise to many to learn that the United States was withdrawn from the missionary status on June 29, 1908, only three years before Maryknoll was founded.

—Very Rev. Francis J. Winslow, M.M., J.C.D.



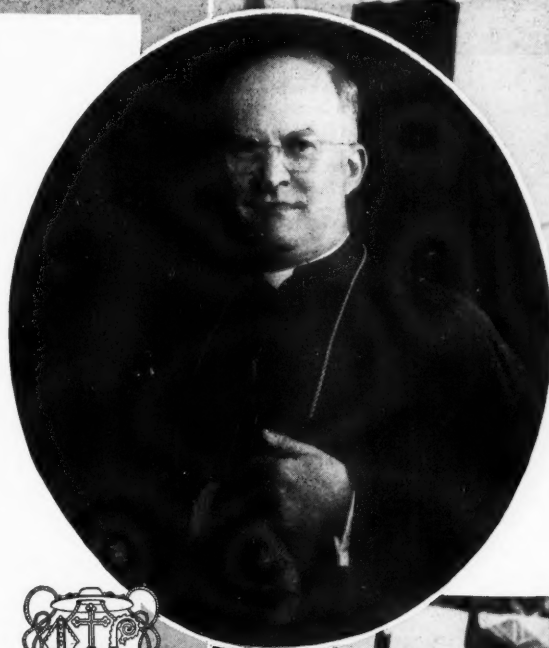
Saint Mary's Church at Lawrence, Massachusetts, was beautiful with its newly designed sanctuary and altar, prepared by the Augustinian Fathers especially for Bishop Lane's consecration. At the right, the simple Chinese church at Fushun stands out in strong contrast, as do native Manchu novices (below) chanting the rosary for their beloved Shepherd and Father.





## CONSECRATION

For the third time within eight months a Maryknoller has been consecrated bishop. On June 11, in his parish church, St. Mary's, Lawrence, Massachusetts, Most Reverend Raymond A. Lane, M.M., D.D., received episcopal consecration from the Superior General of Maryknoll, Bishop Walsh, assisted by Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing, D.D., auxiliary bishop of Boston, and Most Reverend Joseph E. McCarthy, D.D., bishop of Portland, Maine, as coconsecrators. Bishop Lane has been superior of the Maryknoll Mission at Fushun, Manchukuo, since its inception in 1927. When the territory was erected as a prefecture he was named Prefect Apostolic. In February of this year the Holy See raised the mission to a vicariate and named Monsignor Lane as the new vicar apostolic and titular bishop of Ipepa. After a short sojourn with his family Bishop Lane will return to his flock in Manchukuo. We ask the prayers of our readers for the new Vicar Apostolic of Fushun and for his difficult mission.



Right, top: The bishop-elect on his way to the consecration. He is attended by Reverend Edmund D. Daly and, at his left, Reverend John W. Comber, M.M., a native of Lawrence who has served in Manchukuo under the new bishop for the past ten years. Below: As bishop-elect, Monsignor Lane presides at Corpus Christi ceremonies in one of the distant missions of Manchu-land.







In the poorer sections of Manila's "Walled City," as many as a hundred people have been found living in ten rooms. St. Jude's Patronage provides medical care, food, clothing, and religious instructions here. In one of the outskirts of the city the poorest of the poor live in nipa huts. From the steps of these huts children and mothers listen to the Sister as she explains the catechism from a set of pictures and illustrated charts.



## THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

### To the Philippines via Typhoon

It was after leaving Japan that the fun began. Within a day we ran into the outer skirts of the typhoon: We hit the center of it Sunday morning. There was no Mass: no priest would attempt to celebrate! For a day and a night the ship had been tossed up and down like a cork.

"We were at breakfast when we hit the center of the typhoon. All the protecting boards were up around the edges of the tables, and the tablecloths had been dampened to help hold down the dishes. We had just finished our fruit—eaten between grabs at teetering dishes and gliding silver—when suddenly the ship seemed to go flat on its side. Everything shot right off the table, and every waiter, taken off his feet, went down, tray and all. We stared at the perfectly blank tablecloth before us. We had everybody else's breakfast but our own—not on the table, but at our feet.

"The few of us able to be up at all took refuge in the lobby with its riveted chairs. We could not use the lounge, because the Baby Grand piano had become unfastened and was crashing around up there. For four hours it was really terrifying. Every Catholic made fervent acts of contrition, and fingers found their way to rosary beads, but outwardly the passengers took the whole thing in that good-natured joking way that so helps to carry a boat crowd through danger.

"For another two days and a night we climbed and cavorted over mountainous waves, high as the ship's mast. Once I looked out of the porthole, and I can assure you I never did again. Arrived at Manila, we were glad to see our white-clad Sisters and to find chairs that stood still!"

Not every Maryknoll Sister assigned to the Philippines has such a stormy introduction. On the contrary, most of them are forced to report calm, uneventful trips.

Once arrived, however, they find no lack of drama. Even the slums and skyscrapers of New York can hardly compete with the extreme contrasts that Manila presents. In

some classrooms may be found children in the primary grades who have already traveled around the world, children whose fathers can afford a retinue of servants and a garage full of expensive cars. In the tenements of the old "Walled City," as many as one hundred people have been found living in ten rooms. Medical care, food, clothing, religious instruction, practical help out of their difficulties, all these are provided for these poor people by the Sisters of St. Paul's Hospital, Manila, through a social-service department known as St. Jude's Patronage.

In one of the outskirts of the city live the poorest of the poor in one-room nipa huts, which stand in the oozing black mud of a sewage river's bank. They sleep on the floor, the children wedged in between the grown-ups. They eat what they can, where they can, and are always on the look-out for more. From these huts children with big brown eyes in half-frightened faces come to catechism class, clattering on wooden shoes, with sore, scabby legs, short ragged skirts, and huge tattered hats. If this vast problem of poverty is beyond the Sisters, they can at least prepare these little ones for the sacraments. Here and there they can provide food or medical care. Always they can try to be kind and helpful.

From Baguio in Mountain Province, three thousand feet above sea level, Maryknoll Sisters descend—oftenest on foot, sometimes on horseback—to visit the Igorot natives in their barrios. In geographies and guide books these Igorots are included among the primitive tribes that make up the as-yet-uncivilized two per cent of the Filipino population. They are, in fact, descendants of the





Through the nurses' training school at St. Paul's Hospital, nurses grounded in sound Catholic principles are being trained to take their proper place in the many phases of our Catholic Action programs.



"Head Hunters" so famed in Spanish-American war lore. To the Maryknoll Sisters they are God's children, whom the Sisters visit, whose troubles they listen to and adjust when they can, and whom they gather together in open-air classes on the hill-sides to hear the story of Christ and His Church.

After teaching three years in Maryknoll Normal College in Manila, Sister Mary Beata Mackey, whose home was Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and whose first mission experience was in Hawaii, insists that "It's great to come to the Philippines, even via typhoon!"

### ONE IN TEN THOUSAND

In the Philippines Sisters are scarce, there being in some sections only one Sister for every ten thousand Catholics.

Fifty Maryknoll Sisters are stationed there now.

Is God perhaps calling YOU to be "one in ten thousand"?

Or are you among those He would like to see sponsoring a Sister for a day or more each month at a dollar a day?

Address:

Mother Mary Joseph  
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.





## A YOUNG LADY'S IDEALS

By Ann Eton

I FOUND my old college chum a very much matured individual, who had learned to carry great responsibilities. Indeed, it was required of her, for her career in medicine had brought her the post of State Director of Pediatrics (care of the health of children, you know) in one of the commonwealths of our southwest.

Yet, as she described her work, she spoke with all the enthusiasm of those years at Trinity of almost a genera-

tion ago, and—most striking to me as I listened to her—she constantly made references which showed great concern for the spiritual welfare of the many wretched creatures she is able to help.

"Why, Hester," I exclaimed at last, "you are making a real missionary out of yourself!"

Her face lighted with the happiest sort of glow. "My dear," she said earnestly, "you couldn't pay me a more pleasing compliment. I love to feel that in some small way I am a missionary. My vocation is to be a doctor, and I am consumed with my work; but ever since those days in the mission society at college, I have felt that the very finest of privileges is to work for souls."

My work through the years has permitted me to meet many alumnae of our Catholic colleges, and I have reached a conclusion which probably has not occurred to many of our college teachers. I believe that one of the most precious heritages of young women who are members of active mission societies during their college years is the breadth and depth and fineness which this experience contributes to their ideals for life.

I think this is particularly true when the activities of the mission societies are not limited to merely paying dues or holding parties, but include substantial "missionary" service on the part of the members.

"How did you get so interested in missions?" I asked a young lady recently.

"Why, I've had four years of training in it," she replied with

a smile. "I went to Manhattanville, and the Religious of the Sacred Heart evidently feel that the well-educated Catholic young lady of today must have a world-wide heart.

"In freshman year we did 'rookie' work for the missions, such as rolling bandages and preparing other useful articles to send overseas. Each of us had a 'time sheet' on which we noted every hour of recreation which we

gave to the missions.

"In sophomore and junior years we stepped up a peg in mission work. I was assigned to teach catechism in the Barat Settlement, and later I was appointed to help instruct Negro converts at Monsignor McCann's parish in Harlem.

"The *ne plus ultra* of senior year was to give an inspirational talk on the missions in a New York elementary school. We did this twice during the year. Our trying to put mission enthusiasm in others had a marvelous effect on all of us."

A priest addressed the seniors of an eastern college some years ago and explained that he had a little country school at Ridge, Indiana, with no Sisters to conduct it and no funds for lay teachers. In two years a religious community would take it over, but to cover the interim he needed two lay teachers who would work for merely their support. Two members of the mission society gladly took over the school until the Sisters came.

It is natural that mission interest fostered in college should prompt many in after years to provide special

financial aid. A group of alumnae in Brooklyn support a mission station in Japan. A young lady out of college in Philadelphia has enlisted parents, uncles, aunts, and friends for the support of a missionary in China.

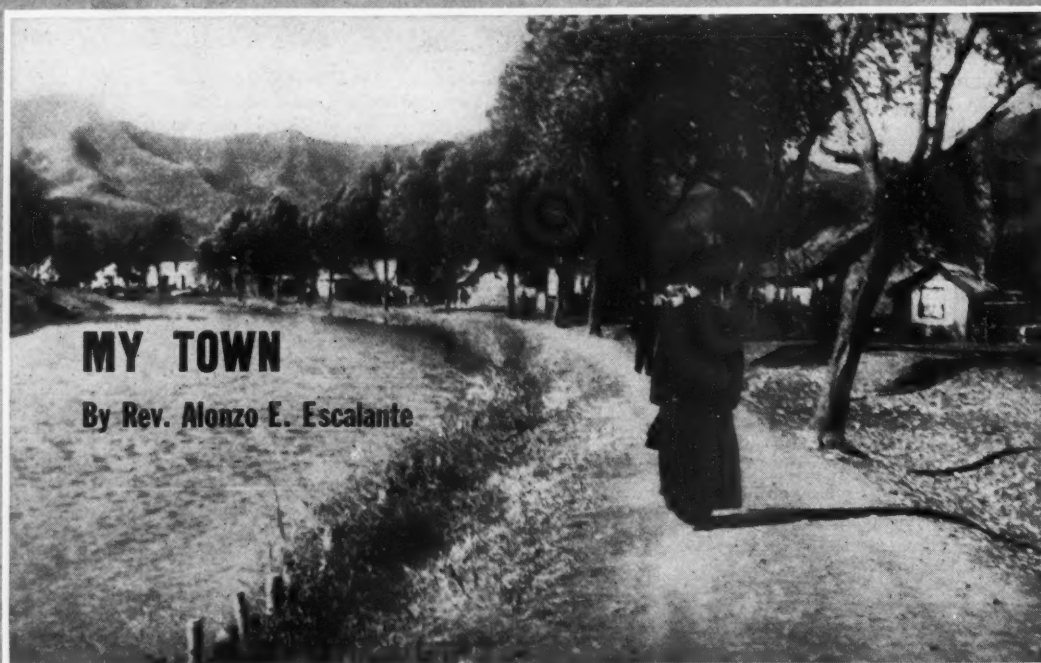
Even those who enter non-missionary religious communities find their mission interest an asset to effective work. A Sister of the Good Shepherd who has charge of the Magdalens says, "It is astounding what interest in the world-wide apostolate has done for my young women. They pray and work for the missions with all the earnestness of fulltime auxiliaries of the cause."

Most young women who finish college will not undertake anything missionary of particular note, but they are dedicated to the apostolate, nevertheless. I was thrilled recently by an instance of this.

"You will be interested to know," said the mother of several children, "that Jack came home from school last week and, with an air of great mystery, said that he was thinking of being a missionary. Imagine what the girls of our college mission society will say, if I really and truly turn out to be a Maryknoll mother!"

The College of New Rochelle had a Dutch Maryknoll booth on Mission Day.





## MY TOWN

By Rev. Alonzo E. Escalante

Main Street in the Manchukuo hills is more glamorous than Broadway.

**A**s I walk down the street of "My Town" in far-off Manchukuo, I feel infinitely more at home than when I walked down Broadway.

My town is not just one town, but two: Chiao Tou and Pen Hsi Hu (pronounced "Chow Toe" and "Pennsy Who" respectfully!). They do not really adjoin each other; but, since my mission extends to both towns, I like to consider them as one. Pen Hsi Hu was our first opening, deep in the heart of a soft-coal mine, but now the priest's residence is at Chiao Tou, whence I shuttle back and forth every Sunday and often betwixt Sabbaths.

In either of the two little towns, one is bound to meet people of the same avocation, and so if I write of the ones I know best—Chiao Touians—you may put it down that each has his counterpart among the Pen Hsi Huziers.

Of outstanding interest is the young doctor in charge of the mission dispensary. He has had no premedical course, and his knowledge of medicine as such runs more to his belief in the efficacy of Chinese herbs, native medicines, and native practices. Have you a fever? Doctor Leung will take one of his long, fine needles and pierce your chest in many places, yet never draw one drop of blood. By means of the needle, air holes are made in the human-pincushion chest, providing inlet for more air than one ordinarily breathes and outlet for all the raging

of the fever. The strange thing is, it works.

A simple headache cure is given by any native doctor. Heat a small cup (egg-cup size) till it is quite hot; press rim of cup in the center of forehead. If relief is not instantaneous, repeat the prescription in several different areas of the manly brow. Of course, each application will leave the mark of a burned ring, but an artistic soul may "plug a commercial" in this manner. For example, the owner of a pawnshop or a circus could have three rings intertwining—centered. As you can see, there are many possibilities.

But the outward evidence of the doctor is but one phase of his priceless service. Doctor Leung never paints an iodine sunset without reminding his patient of the eternal verities, and his words and good example have brought not a few to the baptismal font.

Then there's another individual in my town and every town—John Gweedy. That's not his name—it is, phonetically, his title or his place in life. Every business house here, from Abercrombie to Zenith, has a John Gweedy. And the church is no exception. John is a manager, a boss, a lieutenant, a chief clerk, an overseer, for whom no task is too great or too small. I told the mission's John Gweedy, K.S.T., one Friday, to see if he could get me some trout for dinner, as I was tired of catfish fifty-two (and more) times a year. He searched the markets and came back with five miserable, unappe-



tizing catfish hanging dejectedly from a short string.

"What! Was it impossible to get any trout?" I asked.

"Oh, no. There seemed to be plenty of them."

"Well, then why didn't you buy some, as I asked?"

"You can't afford trout. Trout is seventeen cents—these lovely fishes cost only the small sum of fourteen cents."

And I could cry for trout till come Michaelmas, but if John Gweedy says I can't afford it that settles it. Am I, or am I not master of my soul? Yes, perhaps! But not of my coffers. And yet none of us would know quite what to do without that tyrant, John!

Another individual greatly respected, honored, and consulted because of his erudition is the letter writer. For the poor, illiterate farmer, writing home for money or to transact any other business, the letter writer is a gift from the clouds. His counter is set up in the open so that all passersby may hear what Lao Cheng is saying in his letter to that rascal Kao who won't pay back the measure of sorghum he borrowed last New Year's Day. Being a man who knows men and letters, the sidewalk savant may even suggest a few well-rounded



**Above: Doctor Leung at his dispensary door.**

**Left: "What, no trout?"**

**Below: The scholar of "My Town."**



phrases, telling Kao how not very far from a pig his ancestors must have been. Then, if the farmer wants to give the matter a little consideration,

the scholar will take him on for a game of checkers in the meantime. Why not? It's all for the one price.

In the meantime, all who are passing the letter-writer's stand gather in little knots to add suggestions to the letters being written or to "kibitz" in the checker games which intervene. No one takes offense at such proceedings, since many of the onlookers have already been clients of the savant and have gone through the same grilling experiences. In fact, there is always a spirit of carnival gaiety at this sidewalk shop, and I pass on my way with many a chuckle.

There are many other marts along the main "drag," and some day I hope we may have a chance to shop for a moment at "Ye Outdoor Beauty Shoppe" and other points of interest that lie along the pathway.

But here I am back at the mission again with its not-too-prosaic problems. It's always good to come back here after a walk through the village. Here is all that a man could ask for. You may have your bright lights and your Gay White Way, but they will never have the glamor that I find in "My Town."



## UTOPIA IN THE WAVES

By Peter Cosmon

**L**OVELY!" said the deep bass voice of a big man who stood at the rail. "Lovely as the Garden of Eden!"

None of us had seen the Garden of Eden, but we were sure he was right. We had come seventeen hundred miles from Bombay, India, and were still a thousand miles off the coast of Africa. Only tiny islands five hundred and fifty miles to the south could make any claim to intruding on the privacy of this exquisite little group, the Seychelles, which we were tranquilly approaching in the serene peace of the morning.

Today, guns roar and millions of our fellow men are withered in fear. How good it is to be able to recall a spot on the earth like the Seychelles!

Though these islands are less than a day's journey from the equator, great heat never descends on them; and, of course, they are never visited by cold. The first impression they give, from far off shore, is one of indescribable equableness. Here are emerald gems in a calm sapphire sea. The largest island, Mahe, but seventeen miles long and four to seven broad, rises abruptly from the ocean. There is a peak three thousand feet high behind Port Victoria, the principal town; and beside it is another, the Three Brothers, twenty-three hundred feet high. Their majestic upper reaches of blue-gray granite contrast pleasingly with the dark green of the plantations on their lower slopes and the gently swaying luxuriance of the thick groves of coconut palms which stretch for miles along the shore. Jagged cliffs rise sheerly from the sea or poke up their heads above the vegetation. The woodland opens here and there and reveals bounding mountain streams of liquid silver, hurrying out from dark spots where, one is sure before ever visiting them, will be found delightful glades, as sweet in their silence as hermits' dens.

We anchored a mile and a half off shore and came in by launch. No great crowds appeared, for there are but thirty thousand inhabitants in the entire group of ninety isles and islets. The people are African except a thousand whites and a few Indians and Chinese. We were at home from the moment we put foot ashore. Nobody stared, but everybody seemed to know we were present. There were grace and kindness in every smile.

"The house of the Fathers?" said a man in answer to my question. "It's on the edge of the town. I'm going to show you the way."

"Oh, no!" I protested. "You have your work."

"Father"—the man grinned broadly as if commiserating me on my stupidity—"work never interferes with anything I have a mind to do."

Within the snug-walled monastery a few minutes away, I found the bishop and the Swiss Capuchin missionaries. Two thirds of the population of the Seychelles are Catholic. The atmosphere is dominantly Catholic, and hence I soon discovered that the best boys' school is conducted by the Brothers, the best girls' school by the Sisters; and the British Government, which holds the islands as a colony, recognizes in the Church a principal influence in the lives of the people.

"Welcome to our African Switzerland!" exclaimed the smiling bishop. Then, through him and his priests, the island of Mahe soon divulged its secrets. We followed

a mountain trail or two, journeyed along the shore, sought out favorite spots for their choice landscapes and seascapes, visited homes, and became acquainted with some of the people. It was a rare experience.

"True!" said the missionaries, who have a great affection for the Seychellois. "They are a very likable people."

"They are not a strong people," explained one of the priests. "They are sweet and attractive like a honeysuckle vine—but that vine, if not supported, grovels in the dust. Often we must be outwardly obdurate with them, or they will never rouse themselves to self-discipline."

"But they are born courteous and generous and kind. If you and I are caught in a shower today, we have but to run to the nearest home. There we shall be received most cordially, given a glass of coconut milk, and entertained for hours if necessary. There is a quiet dignity in the poorest, for there are no serfs or underlings. Indeed, the most shiftless man in the islands feels every bit as self-possessed as the British governor—perhaps more so."

The homes are simple but clean. Many families have but one bed and use it only for the sick; ordinarily they sleep on the floor. All have a love of cleanliness of person. It is interesting to see school children care-

fully wash their hands before eating, spread their meal on a plantain leaf, use their fingers as knife, fork, and spoon; and, at the end, not only wash their hands but scrupulously rinse their mouths. All have beautiful, flashing, white teeth.

The Seychellois have a strong taste for the sea and are renowned as sailors. Fishing and farming are the two careers open to the young men, and most prefer a life on the waves. I confess I did not see much work being done on land. Why think of work? Hard work promises no great reward; no work brings no bitter hardship. The ordinary Seychellois probably puts in five easy hours at work each day and from that lives simply but comfortably. Fruit falls to the ground at his feet; water flows to his door.



Bounding streams of liquid silver hurry out from delightful glades, as sweet in their silence as are the caves of hermits.



I saw some native policemen in Port Victoria, but not a soldier or gunboat was in sight. In peace time there are none. The British governor has sixty Seychellois police, and his only problem is to keep them from forgetting to report for work.

Indeed, there is something of a Gilbert and Sullivan comedy about justice in the Seychelles. Recently the governor heard some unbelievable stories  
(Continued on page 29)



## GOOD FRIENDS AND TRUE

**DEPARTURE GIFTS** Before this year's group of twenty-one new missionaries had left Mary's Knoll in their quest for souls, many of our readers and friends began sending in gifts to help us with our task of equipping, and paying transportation for these young "heralds of God's tender mercy."

This is the only appeal that Maryknoll now makes to our subscribers, and we believe that such a policy on our part is appreciated: the response to this appeal is generally so wholehearted.

One little boy, who had earned fifty cents cutting lawns, wrote: "I enclose fifty cents to help pay the travel expenses of one missionary. I wish I could do more. Some day I will."

From California and Colorado came assuring messages:

"Enclosed is five dollars to aid the missionaries going overseas. I will share their sacrifice with them and pray for them daily."

"I am glad to be able to help to send these priests to Asia. I hope you will receive many more offerings."

"In memory of my dear parents, deceased, I gladly send the enclosed small offering towards this year's outgoing mission group's expenses."

"We are unable to send a donation for the departing missionaries, but we promise two spiritual sacrifices a day for the success of their mission work. We shall follow this later by sponsoring a missionary for two days each month."

"While I have a job and am able to do so, I intend to send each year an offering like the enclosed to speed overseas your messengers of the Gospel. Were I a younger man, I would even consider the possibility of joining them; but since I can't, I intend to be with them in this way and by my prayers each year."

Good friends and true, these, representing but a few of the many who have already responded. May the sacrifices made for the twenty-one new apostles bring all a great share in the graces and blessings resulting from their labors.

**TRIBUTES** We are grateful to our many readers who have said a word of praise for the June issue of THE FIELD AFAR. All were struck by the new photograph of Our Holy Father, and many have

written asking us to order an original from our house in Rome. From among the letters received, we have gleaned these "pats" which fell on our well-rounded shoulders:

"The June issue was one of the best. We fight about only one thing in our house—who's going to see your magazine first!" —*Minnesota*

"Elevating and educational and pictorially perfect—the June issue of THE FIELD AFAR!" —*Pennsylvania*

"I had no idea of the work our American missionaries are doing in far-off lands until I subscribed for your magazine. Each issue proves more interesting than the last." —*New York*

"So that I shan't miss a single copy of your much-loved magazine, I am subscribing for life." —*California*

"We have been receiving your magazine for only four months now, but there isn't anything complimentary I can say that you have not already heard. To all of us, it is inspiring. I find myself thinking less of my own wants and more of the foreign missionaries'." —*Missouri*

"Three cheers for the best and liveliest of mission magazines!" —*Wisconsin*

"How much pleasure and interest I receive from your well-edited magazine! It has been a source of much inspiration." —*Brooklyn*

"I almost didn't get my June copy of your magazine. Please rush my renewal through at once. Can't do without THE FIELD AFAR!"

—*Massachusetts*

"I enjoy every line of it."

—*New Hampshire*

After reading all these and many more, we tried to square back our editorial shoulders, but just then we found this:

"Don't send your magazine to us any more. We think there's enough to do at home without bothering about foreigners."

Well, Our Lord didn't think so, so we'll not be too much disturbed by one lone dissenter.

**A RETRACTION** We take back all we have ever said about Maryknollers not being beggars. In spite of our insistent cries that we do not beg, we have quite unwillingly come to the conclusion that the needs of the missions must be stamped all over our furrowed brows. One of our priests, who claims he is dis-

Mission Club, of Seton High, Cincinnati





gustingly healthy, had a dollar bill pressed into his hand as he stood near the door of a city church, and the donor whispered fiercely, "You look as if you need a good meal!"

During the same week a certain Sister Superior (Mark you!) stood beside a telephone booth while her companion made a phone call. Passers-by may have thought she did not have even a nickel for the call, so one of them—a well-dressed man—came up, tipped his hat, and placed a five-cent piece in her hand. And before that offering could purchase an ice-cream cone, two other Sisters, scurrying down a side street, were stopped by an aged laborer who held out a dime, saying: "Sister, this is all the change I have. God bless you!"

We comfort ourselves with the thought that in none of these instances did the beggars beg. With us, they each ask, in gratitude, a special blessing on their well-meaning benefactors.

We like to think that the greater number of offerings for our work are—like these aforementioned—prompted by a great love of Christ. Certainly each gift costs some sacrifice, of which we seldom learn. One letter received recently, though, tells an interesting story of the reward that came from a self-denial offering made for a Maryknoll missionary:

"I have not had work for the past six years, and have minded that very much because it prevented me from helping our beloved missionaries. Last week a boy of our neighborhood was assigned to one of your missions in China, and I wanted so much to help him. Quite unexpectedly a relative sent me two dollars for a birthday present. Now you can understand how much I needed that money, but I felt that, if I made a sacrifice and gave it to this young missionary, his prayers and sacrifice would help me. So I went over to his house to give the money to his mother. The answer to my prayers came sooner than I expected, for in the house was a man who offered me some work, and I am to start tomorrow morning. I never made a better investment in my life. Pray for me that this work may be steady, and I'll not forget the missions."

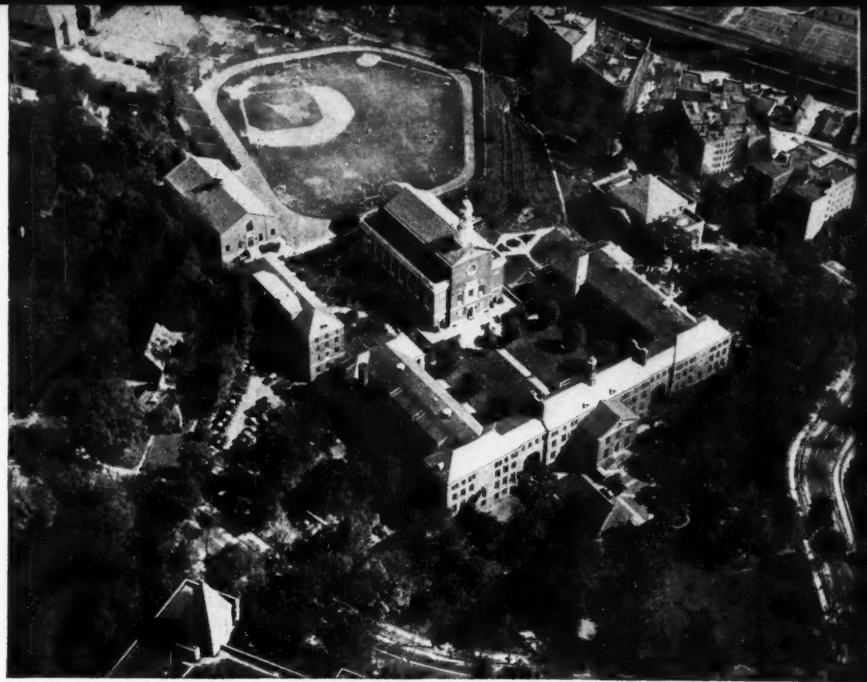
## MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person also becomes a Perpetual Member.



Christian Brothers' students at Manhattan College, New York, are friends of the missions.

## THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers,

For two years we have been unable to renew our subscription to Maryknoll's FIELD AFAR, but when I wrote to you to that effect you continued to carry us as subscribers. Now at last we can send our renewal, and we do so with grateful hearts.

I want you to know that in the darkest days, when our situation, through unemployment and illness, seemed well-nigh unbearable, that ray of sunshine THE FIELD AFAR was indeed a tonic to our souls and put the trust of God once more in our hearts.

And now that trust has been rewarded: my wife and I have both obtained employment—she in the cafeteria and I in the office of our Catholic school. Our combined salaries enable us to get along. Since we feel that we owe this good fortune in a great measure to our membership in Maryknoll, our first thought is of you. We gladly pay up and add a little in advance.

—C. B., New Jersey

## DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. Callan; Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. White; V. Rev. Msgr. J. Kroha; Rev. A. Rickert; Rev. J. Craig; Rev. B. Baldauf; Rev. N. Murphy; Rev. J. Rossi; Rev. S. Morrison; Rev. J. Dolan; Rev. G. Butler, S.J.; Rev. A. Buisson; Rev. E. Gauthier; Rev. P. Walsh; Rev. G. Harig; Rev. B. Salbreiter; Rev. J. Agrella; Rev. T. McCarthy; Rev. C. Creamer; Rev. F. Prunty; Mother M. Mercedes; Mother J. Butler; Sr. M. De Sales Walsh; Sr. M. of St. Francis Xavier; Sr. M. Cosmas Mitchell; Mrs. C. Murphy; Mr. G. Corcoran; Mr. L. Wadlewski; Mr. C. Hesse; Mr. I. Burns; Mrs. J. Premo; Mrs. M. Davis; Mrs. M. Ogden; Mrs. W. Reilly; Mr. J. Vail; Mr. R. Copley; Miss I. Ennis; Mrs. M. Leamy; Miss M. Faulkner; Mrs. A. Danver; Mrs. Dennett; Sr.; Miss M. Maguire; Miss E. Magee; Miss E. Fahey; Mrs. S. Young; Mrs. Riberty; Mr. G. Etzkorn; Mrs. J. Ryan; Miss E. Hughes; Mrs. A. Curran; Mr. T. Hebert; Miss K. Sullivan; Mr. A. McCarthy; Mrs. E. Kotch; Mr. F. Frushour; Mr. A. Thieman; Miss A. Gavin; Mrs. C. Drew; Mr. G. Mirlach; Miss F. McLaughlin; Mr. J. Goggins; Mr. G. Da Latour; Miss A. Goetz; Mr. E. Nowotny; Miss B. O'Brien; Mrs. C. Sniedel; Mr. J. Schmitt; Mr. C. Howard; Mr. and Mrs. T. Nevins; Miss I. Ryan; Miss A. Fay; Mrs. H. Mahan; Mr. M. Lally.

## ON THE MARYKNOLL NEWSFRONT



Top to bottom: South China girls, too, are glad that school is out. Reverend Anthony Hong, ordained in Rome. Korean Kwire boys are—at times—almost angelic. Reverend Callistus Hong with his parents. (This latter Father Hong was ordained by Maryknoll's Bishop O'Shea at Heijo.)

**ROME, ITALY** An ordination of outstanding importance to Maryknoll took place here recently when Reverend Anthony Hong was raised to the priesthood. The young levite, who is one of the first fruits of the Tungchen mission, South China, was instructed and baptized by a Maryknoll missionary in 1920. After directing the youth towards the native seminary, the missionary was assigned to other posts. At the ordination ceremony the Maryknoll Procurator General in Rome, Father Dietz, stood beside his first native vocation when the sacred oils gave new power to his hands. Father Hong will return to South China to labor among his own people under a Maryknoll bishop.

**HEIJO, KOREA** Not to be outdone by South China, this vicariate also raised a Hong to the priesthood recently—the Reverend Callistus. The ceremony was another "Maryknoll First," since it marked Bishop O'Shea's debut as an ordaining prelate and was the first of such ceremonies to be held in northern Korea. At the same time John Hong, a cousin of the young priest, received tonsure and full minor orders. Both young men are first fruits of Maryknoll-in-Korea. Father Hong, like his namesake three thousand miles to the south, will labor among his own people.

We ask our readers' prayers that Father Hong may have a long, faithful ministry.

**BRASS DRUM VILLAGE, SOUTH CHINA** This village, which serves as a mission station for Tungchen Maryknollers, comes honestly by its name. A huge drum made of brass, beaten to cardboard thickness, stands in the principal temple of the village. It was dug out of a neighboring mountain many years ago and appears to have been a war drum of ancient times. Indecipherable hieroglyphics are carved into the brass, but even the oldest inhabitant does not remember when the drum first came to this town. The Tungchen pastor hopes to convert the entire village, sell the drum to some museum, and on its present site build a temple to the One True God.

**NARA, JAPAN** A post-card request for instructions in Catholic doctrine was received by the Milwaukee pastor of our local Catholic mission. Father Felsecker replied at once, inviting the inquirer to come on Sunday afternoon. To his surprise two young men appeared as first catechumens of Nara. Both of them seem earnest and appear faithfully each week at the appointed time. The pastor expects his first two correspondent converts to be baptized on the feast of the Assumption. And now he's looking for more post cards to answer.



**KAYING, SOUTH CHINA** The reports of seven-year activities in the local catechumenate show remarkable results attained. Of the one thousand converts made by this city alone since 1932, 636 have proven faithful, 262 are infants under age, 20 are soldiers. This gives a total of 899 in good standing. Of the others, 68 could but did not make their Easter duty, 14 were refused the sacraments (because of bigamy, reverting to the use of opium, or espousing their daughters to pagans). Of the 68 who could, but did not, make their Easter duty, many were old people who rarely leave their homes; which leaves but the 14 as negligible converts. A fine record! Certainly, the missionaries are laying a firm foundation.

**HINGNING, SOUTH CHINA** Father Joseph Reardon, curate at this mission, almost had his first sick call recently. An old lady in a distant village had been taught the doctrine by some of her neighbors, and, when she was taken ill, they asked that the priest be brought in. Father Reardon was delighted when the task fell to him to administer Baptism, Confirmation, and Extreme Unction at the same visit; and he set off with his catechist on the long journey. Today he is back. The old lady's pagan daughter fought and carried on and would not allow the priest to enter. Neighbors and friends begged and pleaded while Father waited and prayed, but to no avail. In the midst of the tumult the old lady died. The Christians of the village had the Holy Sacrifice offered for the deceased, however, firm in the belief that she died with baptism of desire, since she herself had asked for the sacraments. But the pagan daughter would not permit even a blessing of the remains. Pagan influences are strong.



Even the deer at Nara, Japan, have gotten acquainted with the new pastor.

#### UTOPIA IN THE WAVES

(Continued from page 25) about his constables, so he went out into the night to investigate. He found one uniformed guardian of the law sprawled on the ground asleep—his boots, belt, and cap lying beside him. The governor confiscated them and ordered the man dismissed. Reinstated later, he fell sound asleep again the very first night back at his post.

I had pleasant hours with the Capuchins, who were completely absorbed in this tiny world. They find no reason to be discouraged at the apparent lack of backbone in their flock. These Swiss monks realize that there is a relatively small gamut between the strongest and the weakest of the brothers of men. Indeed, it is the striking likenesses rather than the differences between man and man over the earth that impress so deeply the Church's missionaries.

#### EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 472.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 25,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count 70,742 Catholics.
8. Annual adult converts number approximately 7,500.





At pagan funerals the family of the deceased kowtow, with their faces to the earth, before the coffin while the attendants and on-lookers stand by, waiting patiently for the procession to move.

## IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

By Rev. John F. Donovan

I HAD heard much about Chinese funerals before coming to Kaying. This morning I experienced one at first hand.

Starting out long before dawn, the catechist and I reached Tchong Sa Hi, six miles away, before six o'clock. The old lady whom I had anointed last week in the village of Tsiang Tsu Teou had died, and I conducted the funeral ceremony there this morning.

While the catechist set up the altar, I began to hear the confessions of the Christians. The Mass was over at about eight. Up to this time things were fairly orderly and dignified, for this was a Christian part of the ceremony.

In almost every Chinese family where there are Christians, there are likely to be pagan relatives who will try to introduce a few of their own immemorial customs.

Perhaps it would not be fair to say that the most important feature of a pagan funeral ceremony is the feast that must be spread for the mourners. It is a great treat for the guests and a great expense for the family of the deceased. Certainly, for a large number of those present, the feast seemed to be the center and soul of this occasion. The Chinese themselves have a saying, "When the old folks die, the rest feed high."

I thought there was a lot of confusion, but the people didn't seem to notice it. From eight o'clock, when the Mass was over, until half-past ten when the procession to the grave started, nothing was done but eating and talking! The shouting and wailing, the milling about, the waiting—all these things were endured without any sign of annoyance or resentment

or complaint. In fact, the people seemed to like them.

After the feast we returned to the coffin, and the wailers ceased while the Christians sang their prayers for the dead. What a contrast between the sweet, soft, sincere chant of the prayers and the raucous, affected wail of the mourners!

The members of the immediate family then donned their mourning clothes for the procession—the women in white dresses and hemp sandals, and the men in long burlap coats

and hats to match. The grave diggers took the tree-trunk coffin on their shoulders, and, as soon as they started to move, firecrackers were set off to drive the evil spirits of death out of the house.

Just as the coffin was leaving the yard, four young women jumped out from the room behind our temporary altar, with pans of burning coals. They threw the coals all over the floor where the corpse had been lying, and quickly swept them out again. This was to burn any evil spirits that might have escaped from the coffin.

The old widow's remains were carried out to a shallow hole in the vegetable field—dug just wide and deep enough to hold the coffin. To get to the grave we had to pass, single file, through about three acres of planted fields. It was inevitable that much damage should be done to the growing crops, trampled on by so many people. But this was a funeral, and for the greater honor of the deceased no expense was considered too great.

A Catholic funeral is one such as might be witnessed at home.







## BANDITS CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!

Here is a stirring story. A young Pittsburgher smiles through his years in Catholic America's schools, is ordained a Maryknoll missionary, sails the Pacific, lives six eventful years of apostolate among the Chinese of Manchukuo. Just when the hazards of his life seem removed, he is captured by bandits, held for months, then slain, and his remains are abandoned in the lonely Manchukuo mountains.

## WHEN THE SORGHUM WAS HIGH

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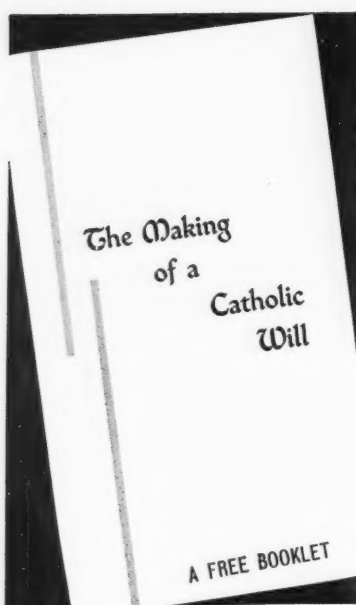
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**FAR FROM HOME**

Maryknoll Fathers,  
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

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Name .....

Address .....

.....

☐ I should like to do this each month.

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Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.  
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.  
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Junior College and Academy of the  
Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind.  
Marycliff Academy,  
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St. Clare's School, Hastings-on-  
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Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.  
Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:  
Akron, Ohio, 1075 W. Market St.  
Cincinnati, Ohio, 6700 Beechmont Ave.  
Detroit, Mich., 9001 Dexter Blvd.  
Mountain View P.O., Cal.  
St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.

#### Houses of Study:

Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley  
Rome, Italy, Via Sardegna, 83  
  
Honolulu, T.H., 1701 Wilder Ave.  
Los Angeles, Cal., 222 S. Hewitt St.  
Manila, P.I., St. Rita's Hall  
New York City, 121 E. 39th St.  
San Francisco, Cal., 1492 McAllister St.  
San Juan Bautista, Cal.  
Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.

### Missions: Central Addresses

For Fushun missionaries: Catholic Mis-  
sion, Fushun, Manchukuo

For Kaying missionaries: Catholic Mis-  
sion, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Kongmoon missionaries: Catholic  
Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Prov-  
ince, China

For Kweilin missionaries: Catholic Mis-  
sion, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

For Kyoto missionaries: Maryknoll,  
Kyoto, Japan

For Chosen missionaries: Catholic Mis-  
sion, P.O. Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

For Wuchow missionaries: Catholic Mis-  
sion, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

### The Maryknoll Sisters

#### Central Addresses

Motherhouse and administration:  
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Hawaii: 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu

Japan: Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku,  
Kyoto, Japan

Chosen: Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsu-  
kuri, Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen  
Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila

South China: Waterloo Road, Kow-  
loontong, Hong Kong

# MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

## HELP WANTED

\$15 a month for a missionary's right arm—a catechist. Kongmoon needs that amount each for one hundred and twenty such convert-makers.

Native Korean priests in the Heijo Vicariate, seven in number, must be supported by the Vicar—Bishop O'Shea, who will welcome gifts no matter how small.

In buying land for church at Pokpak, Wuchow Vicariate, \$500 is all that is needed—but badly!

An opportunity to help relieve suffering: Kyoto's tuberculosis hospital needs 100 gifts of \$100 each.

Now is the opportune time (before rice goes higher) to support a blind girl in Kongmoon's asylum at \$2 a month. There are twenty-one inmates.

Bees buzz but wax comes high. \$20 will provide for a year's supply of Mass candles in one of Heijo's missions.

A dispensary (like the one shown below) can be erected in Kweilin for \$200.



## SCHOOLS

A school building in Fushun may be built for \$600—and they need nine. Can you help build one of them?

Schools in Wuchow (10 of them) need yearly support of \$500 each, for teachers' salaries and supplies. A little help will go far.

Kaying has 75 teachers—each looking for \$150 a year salary. Where else could you get such a bargain?

Native seminarians in Fushun number 75. \$15 a month will care for one of them. Why not adopt a priestly son?

## BUILDINGS

Land in Kyoto's missions comes high—\$2,000 will buy enough for a church and rectory.

Convents at a premium in Kaying: \$1,000 will build one; six are needed.

Vacation hint: shave off \$100 and send it to Kweilin; it will build a country chapel.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



### **WHO'S FAR FROM HOME?**

"Not I—nor my big brother who has gone to China to save souls!"

Little Barbara is right. Missioners are never far from home when sponsored in their daily task for souls by the folks—old and young—at home. A dollar supports a missionary for a day. See page 32.

"Will you sponsor my big brother missionary for one or more days each month? Then we will all be helping to save more souls."



